S 2910
£2

(1)

Shaftsbury's GHOST TO DOCTOR OATS. IN A VISION,

Concerning the Jesuits and Lords in the Tower.

IT was about the time when the Tavern Doors were shut up, and all Mortals were retir'd to their rest, save the Club at the Devil, who were in a hot fit of Wine and Argument, about the Election of a new King of *Poland*, when the *Ghost* of the late King *Tapsky* came boulting through the Keyholes of my Chamber-Door.

He seem'd like the Emblem of Envy, his Hairs turned into Serpents, his Tap into a Pump, spouting with Sulphur and corroded Poison, with a long Veil of Hypocrisie Ermin'd and Spoted with Blood.

In this Gastly-sight he appear'd by my Bed-side, where after a strong debauch of *French* VVine, and *Italian* Love; falling into a pleasant slumber, I began as usually, to Dream of a Parliament, when thus the *Ghost* apply'd himself unto me.

Ghost. Thou Fool, thou flatters thy self with the hopes of a *Parliament*; thou Prates't, and Talkest, and Dreamest of Parliaments, when they will make no more for Thee, then thou hast made for the *Protestant Interest*, since thou turn'd Hypocrite, and put on the *Salamanca* Robes.

Astonish'd at the unexpected Spectre, in a bloody sweat and panick fear, I crept under the smoaking Blankets, least he came to Involve me and the Nation in a new Plot, or with a Summons, to fetch me into the other VVorld, when thus he apply'd himself to me.

Fear not (Friend) thy time is not yet come, though thou scap'd the late Buttocking, thou shalt Reign a while, though it be but short, we have use for such necessary Instruments upon Earth, to bring our Projects to Perfection.

Thou knowest (Doctor) how many Journeys thou hast made to the *Tower*, when I was there, where we laid the foundation of all our Designs, and 'its but fit I shou'd make on Sally from Hell to give Thee thanks for the good Service thou hast done us. The Plot was well carried on at first, the Jesuits was a clever Jobb, and we will Record Thee in our Eternal Rubricks. But for the Lords in the Tower, I am afraid, in this long Respeit, they will weather the Point, and out-live our Malice; but make use of the Artillery I gave thee, and thou may'st be able yet, with thy stock of Impudence, to venture a Broad-side amongst 'em.

Oats. At this, me thought, I began to assume fresh Courage, and finding the Devil was not come to fetch me that very Instant, I began to argue with him as formerly, and asked of him, if he were Dead, or Alive? or if Dead where he was Disposed of, or what Reward he had found in the other World for all his Indefatigable Pains and Policy, when thus, (me thought) with a thril Voice, and quivering Accent, he answered,

Ghost. From deepest Mansions of Hell, where Plots ar laid, and Plotters are with us to be Rewarded; I come to tell Thee, That all thy Stratagems are Defeated, thy Villanies Detected, and thy Politicks undermin'd; thy Artillery will be turn'd upon thy Self, blown up with the Army, which thy self so long ago planted under ground. 'Tis true, I found the Fewel of a *Plot*, but thou with thy *Boreas*-Nose, and Blobber-Chaps, blew the Bellows, which kindled with a Cole of pretended Zeal from the Altar, Encreased it to such a hight, that some fell a Sacrifice to thy fury; and what can thou expect but to fall a Sin-offering for the Blood that has been spilt. Thou made a Bull for the destruction of Mankind, and like *Phalaris*, must expect to fry in the Flame.

Oats. You studied and contrived all.

Ghost. Thou forswore and ly'd.

Oats: Did not you perswade the People all was True, when there was no more in it, than the prosecution of your own ungodly Ends?

Ghost. Did not thou, like a Counterfeit Villain, pretend to give out Blank Commissions, which thy self, nor no man else, ever yet beheld, and perswaded the People that there was a Popish Army ready to Invade the Land.

Oats. Did not you, like a litle *State*-quack, the Rables-Mountebank, give out every day upon the *Stage* your two Dozes of Slavery and Popery, which made the people run mad with mutiny and rebellion, to the forfeit of their Allegiance, had not the wise Physician of the State found an Antidot to expel your Poison.

Ghost. A Curse on him that *Betray'd* the Cause.

Oats. A Curse on him that made me a *Party*, and then left me in the lurch. Pox on your squinting Policy.

Ghost. Plague on your timerous Folly, why didst thou not Prosecute the *D.*

Oats. VVhy did not you Exclude him?

Ghost. VVhy didst thou not swear the K. and Q. into the Plot, that there might be none left to *Dissolve* us?

Oats. VVhy did not you mind your Hits, and follow the Joiner at *Oxford*; such *Promethian* Rashness, aiming at the *Sun*, broke the Neck of a good Plot.

Ghost. 'Twas thy ill management thou Fool, for which thou shalt be Haunted by my Ghost, thy contradictory Narratives and sham Commissions; a Pox on your *Elliots*, and litle *Don Johns*.

Oats. A Pox on your Exclusions, and Associations, your Liberty and *Property*, your Seditious Speeches and Factious Cabals, were it not for these, we might have brought our *Projects* to Perfection, and made a good harvest of it.

Ghost. The Gallows! what else can thou expect since I am gone? But that thou mayst not shame the Devil at last by telling one Truth in thy Life, spoil all with a mean Confession, and like a whineing Convert, repent thee of the noble Mischiefs thou hast done, hold up thy stiff Neck, let loose thy loud and scandalous Tongue, throw up thy Copper Snout, and double hatch thy brazen Face with the wash of Tinsel Loyalty, and pretended Religion; carry it on with the same Impudence and Hypocrisie; tell the City their Liberties are lost with their Charter, Preach Sedition to the People, and warn the Brethren that they submit not to be brought under the *Dominion* of Popery and Slavery. Tell them the Lord Mayor and present Sheriffs are Usurpers, and betrayers of the Rights and *Liberties* of the Subject, and that you may impose it

with

with more Credit upon the people, ſtand faſt to all you have ſaid or done. Say the *Jeſuits* and *Stafford* died juſtly for conſpiring againſt the Kings Life, and that the Lords in the *Tower* are guilty of the ſame; for this Cauſe make your frequent viſits thither, and view them well, and often, leaſt you ſhould miſtake one for the other, or forget the Crimes of which you accuſe them.

Keep to the Church, but more the Conventicle, the Gown, but more the Cloak, and let the Canonical Veſt and Campaign Coat, do their Offices by turns, ſince the Brethren love change, and will do any thing to encourage Faction at any Rate.

Oats. Have I not changed, as often as the Camelion does its Colour, with every object that is before it? Have I not changed the City for the Court, the Court for the City, Union for Faction, Religion for Sedition, and do I not change my Religion every week with my Lodging? But I find all will not do, the Brethrens Charity is grown cold, and I am left like the Camelion, to the open Air, and for ought I ſee, am like to have no other Food.

Ghoſt. Thy laſt Change is near at hand, but that it be not at *Tyburn*, let the next Change be like mine, for the freſh Air in ſome Forreign Land. It is full time to do Penance, thou wilt make an excellent Pilgrim in *Hungary*, to put the Male-contents againſt the Emperour, and the *Turk* againſt both.

Oats. I have not done here yet.

Ghoſt. Thou haſt done enough to make the City too hot for Thee, as well as the Court, and it is Impudence beyond Reaſon, to preſume to hold up thy head where I durſt not ſhew my Face, forced to flie to ſave that old projecting Head, and what canſt thou hope that has put all thoſe projects in Execution.

Oats. Though I have Impudence enough to brazen it out, I muſt confeſs ſince you were gone, my hopes are turned into deſpair of making any more of it, and I would willingly turn my ſelf, but that I fear I have ſo bewitched the People with my Lies and Perjuries, that I ſhould hardly be believed if I ſpeak Truth.

Ghoſt. That Torments me more then my Pains, leaſt thou by turning Cat in Pan, by ſome mean Diſcovery, or whineing Confeſſion at the Gallows, thou ſhould'ſt betray me after Death, and confeſs who put thee upon it; for it is ſome pleaſure, even in Torments, to ſee that our malicious projects take their wiſhed effects.

Oats. They have done too long, wou'd I was well rid on 'em, and cou'd well ſlip my Neck out of this dangerous Coller.

Ghoſt. For that Cauſe, I would have thee by my Example flie in time; or if thou dare venture to brazen it out, ſtick cloſe to what thou haſt aſſerted, and the Inſtructions I gave thee. And hang, though it be with a lie in thy Mouth, the Devil loves no Converts.

Oats. For that matter I do not fear to look the Devil in the Face at the laſt Gaſp. But I am afraid my Memory may fail me in ſome particulars, without your aſſiſtance, and you know how neceſſary a good Memory is for one of my Profeſſion.

Ghoſt. I will by thy Genius, ready on all occaſions at thy Elbow, thou ſhalt be *Mahomet*, and I thy Pidgeon, to prompt and inſtruct thee. I will ſtick to thee even in Death, my Ghoſt ſhall never be at reſt while I have left any conſiderable Miſchief unattempted, that is yet in thy power to accompliſh.

F 195 795

Oats. *This generous kindness and Correspondence renewed even after Death, made me take compassion of the trembling Shade, offering him share of my Bed, which (methought) he willingly accepted, laying himself in such a posture as was most suitable for my present Fancy to work upon. He had no sooner laid down, but imagined it had been my old Familiar, whom I had often made use of on that occasion. I fell in close Embraces, like Æneas, in Combat with a Shadow, but with the violent struggling I awaked, which troubled me when I found it was but a Dream.*

Imprimatur *W: P:*

Edinburgh, *Re-printed by the Heir of* Andrew Anderson, *Printer to His most Sacred Majesty*, Anno *DOM.* 1683.